of my fortunes, if they checke me here.

Iag. You are in the right:
Good night Lieutenant, I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night honeſt *Iago.* *Exit.*

Iag. And what's he then, that ſayes I play the villaine,
When this aduice is free I giue, and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe,
To win the Moore agen? For tis moſt eaſie
The inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue,
In any honeſt ſuite ſhe's fram'd as fruitfull,
As the free Elements: and then for her
To win the Moore, were't to renounce his baptiſme,
All ſeales and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoule is ſo infetter'd to her loue,
That ſhe may make, vnmake, doe what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weake function: how am I then a villaine,
To counſell *Caſsio* to this parrallell courſe,
Directly to his good? diuinity of hell,
When diuells will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They doe ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I doe now; for whilſt this honeſt foole
Plyes *Deſdemona* to repaire his fortunes,
And ſhe for him, pleades ſtrongly to the Moore;
Ile poure this peſtilence into his eare,
That ſhe repeales him for her bodies luſt;
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to doe him good,
She ſhall vndoe her credit with the Moore;
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe, make the net
That ſhall enmeſh them all: *Enter* Roderigo.
How now *Roderigo?*

Rod. I do follow here in the chaſe, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills vp the cry: my money is almoſt ſpent, I ha bin to night exceedingly well cudgelld: I thinke the iſſue will be, I ſhall haue ſo much experience for my paines, and ſo no mony at all, and with a little more wit returne to *Venice.*

Iag. How poore are they, that haue not Patience?

What

What wound did euer heale, but by degrees?
Thou knoweſt we worke by wit, and not by witchcraft,
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Dos't not goe well? *Caſsio* has beaten thee,
And thou, by that ſmall hurt, haſt caſheir'd *Caſsio,*
Tho other things grow faire againſt the ſun,
Yet fruites that bloſome firſt, will firſt be ripe;
Content thy ſelfe a while; by'th maſſe tis morning;
Pleaſure, and action, make the houres ſeeme ſhort:
Retire thee, goe where thou art billited,
Away I ſay, thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay get thee gon: Some things are to be done,
My wife muſt moue for *Caſsio* to her miſtris,
Ile ſet her on.
My ſelfe a while, to draw the Moore apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Caſsio* finde,
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way,
Dull not deuiſe by coldneſſe and delay. *Exeunt.*

Actus 3. *Scœna* 1.

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſitians.*

Caſ. Maſters, play here, I will content your paines,
Something thats briefe, and bid good morrow Generall.

They play, and enter the Clowne.

Clo. Why maſters, ha your Inſtruments bin at *Naples,* that they ſpeake i'th noſe thus?

Boy. How ſir, how?

Clo. Are theſe I pray, cald wind Inſtruments?

Boy. I marry are they ſir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tayle.

Boy. Whereby hangs a tayle ſir?

Clo. Marry ſir, by many a winde Inſtrument that I know. But maſters, heer's money for you, and the Generall ſo likes your muſique, that hee deſires you for loues ſake, to make no more noyſe with it.